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## HUNTINGDONSHIRE



THE SIGNBOARD OF THE 'GEORGE AND DRAGON'  
WARGRAVE, BERKS

## HUNTINGDONSHIRE AS A SKETCHING GROUND

BETWEEN Huntingdon and St. Ives is a stretch of country which is steadily growing in favour with the artistic brotherhood. It is purely agricultural and everything seems to be as it has been for the last two hundred years or so.

Either Huntingdon or St. Ives makes a good point for entering the district. We were coming from the North so left the train at Huntingdon and drove to Houghton, four miles away, which is a very good centre.

Within a radius of a very few miles there are a number of small villages, viz., Houghton, Wyton, Hemingford Abbots, Hemingford Grey, Harford, Godmanchester, etc., they are all of them sketchable, and nearly all have fine old churches. The latter are mostly built close to the water's edge, presumably owing to the fact that the building-stone would come by water.

There are some fine subjects with these water-side churches for foreground, with their reflections

## HUNTINGDONSHIRE



*A SHADY ROAD*  
HOUGHTON

in the placid river. The cottages are either thatched or covered with small brown tiles, that take on the most lovely colours with age and weather, and the old farm buildings, mostly of timber, are also lovely in colour from the same causes.

It is of course a corn-growing country, and the harvest was commenced whilst we were there, and the picturesque groups in the harvest fields gave us many subjects.

The river is in itself a treasure-house. A boat is almost a necessity, as the numerous backwaters are most accessible in this way. There is a wealth of reeds and rushes in the river, and it is almost canal-like in its long stretches of calm water. The river is navigable, but when we were there, owing to some dispute with the authorities, the boats

were stopped. We were sorry, as the barges would have greatly improved the river subjects.

On the river at the bottom of the village is a very old and interesting flour mill, which is a favourite subject with the London men, who often come here. With its mill-pond and water-wheels, surrounded by fine old willow trees, it makes a splendid subject.

Further down the river towards St. Ives there is another old mill, Knight's by name, which is equally good.

St. Ives itself is possessed of a splendid old stone bridge, and the town is picturesque. The way to it from Houghton through the 'Thicket' is a pleasant shady walk of about one and a-half miles. There are plenty of shady lanes with fine timber all about the villages.

## AS A SKETCHING GROUND

RUINED MILL  
HOUGHTON



The inns are also particularly sketchable, mostly having standing signs. The 'George and Dragon' at Houghton is a good example.

We made Houghton our headquarters and found good accommodation at a large farmhouse in the village, the house being some 300 years old. Everything is quiet and sleepy, but after we had got accustomed to the change from our more bustling north country, the place grew upon us and we were loth to leave it when the time came for us to go.

The roads are good and suitable for cycling, and several times we were disturbed by a motor car rushing and dashing about, and seeming quite out of keeping with the place.

One man we often met as he was fetching the cattle home, he following them leisurely on his bicycle.

To anyone in need of a quiet, restful holiday the place holds out many inducements. Boating, fishing, cycling, are all to be had, whilst to the artist I think I have given enough information to show that to him it is a promising district. Many of the London men spend long periods here, and not a few have taken up their permanent residence.

When we left Houghton it was to make a voyage of discovery into East Anglia; it was very enjoyable. We made passing visits to Ely, Cambridge and Norwich, and spent a short time at Yarmouth; the boats there are very good. But our pleasantest memories were associated with Houghton and to it we hope to return ere long.

F. W.

## BERNARD GRIBBLE



THE 'GEORGE AND DRAGON'  
HOUGHTON

## BERNARD GRIBBLE

THE clever son of a famous father, Bernard Gribble is a young artist whose career should be well worth watching. Nature has equipped him with two of her most precious gifts to an artist, the sense of form and the sense of colour; she has also given him a strong dramatic instinct. At present his work is in an early stage of development; he is still hesitating which direction it shall ultimately take, and is feeling his way amidst various influences towards the promised goal.

From his early childhood it was the sea which had attracted his fancy, and he loves to paint her in all her varying moods of storm and sunshine. It is by his pictures of battleships that he has made his

name familiar to the public. He handles his subjects with great breadth and spirit, and displays a marvellous accuracy of detail. *The Lifeboat and her Crew*, exhibited in this year's Academy, shows him at his best, I think. It is a strong piece of realism, and is singularly free from any touch of exaggeration or striving after theatrical effect. The grim tragedy of the struggle between life and death—the strength of a handful of poor storm-tossed humanity pitted in fearful odds against the fury of the elements—is a subject that requires no little power of treat-

ment. In Bernard Gribble's hands the tragedy acquires its full significance. The drawing of the figures in the lifeboat is absolutely convincing

